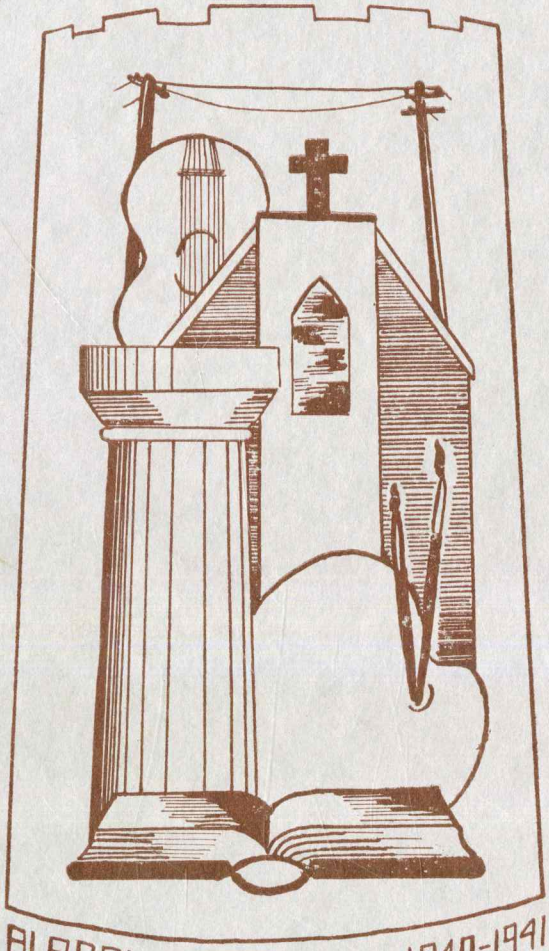
the TOWER



ALABAMA COLLEGE 1940-1941

THE TOWER

Volume 10 May, 1941 No. 2

ALABAMA COLLEGE

MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

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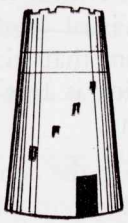


What do YOU *think?*

THIS IS the end of *The Tower* of 1940-41, and in its end is the beginning of *The Tower* of 1941-42. This point marks the departure of some old staff members and the induction of new ones to fill their places. Even as such a change is occurring there is a question in the minds of both the old and the new staff that must be answered. It is a question, the answer to which may determine the existence of the Alabama College Literary Magazine. It is: What does *The Tower* mean to students?

After many discussions and with as much objectivity as is possible, the staff has concluded that both as individuals and as a group the year's work on the publication has been of much value to them in fellowship and creative effort, if not in actual achievement. They assert that the contributors have also commented on the fact that they consider their experience with *The Tower* worthwhile and *The Tower* itself a profitable organ of student thought. However, there

is no way of gauging with accuracy the actual sentiment felt by the entire student body toward their magazine.

Only this year William Lyon Phelps told the *Tower* editor that as an undergraduate at Yale his greatest aspiration was to become editor of *The Yale Review* — and he did. He felt then, as he still does, that the literary magazine should have a definite place in the heart of each student for it brings to the writer an opportunity to see his thoughts in print, and to the reader it affords the rare privilege of glancing into the sacred, often unveiled mind of the writer.

Lewis Mumford, celebrated thinker and himself author of many books, once editor of *The Dial,* and frequent contributor to contemporary periodicals, answered the same question regarding the value of such a publication in a recent interview with the editor. He is convinced that in such critical times as these every mode of expression which is possible is of inestimable value. For it is such vehicles as college publications that stimulate thinking and counteract the deadly passivity which is tragically characteristic of many institutions of higher learning.

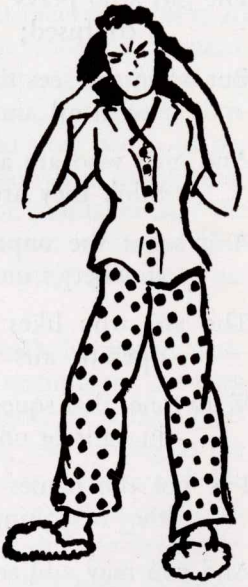
What the staff thinks, what the contributors think, what Phelps and Mumford believe, are all important but do not answer the question which is so vital to the continuance of *The Tower.* If students want *The Tower* and appreciate the expense of student fees for publication, and the time and energy involved in its production, the staff sees itself as a worthwhile campus group. However, if there is no value attached to the publication, no sentiment that favors its continuance, then there will be no *Tower,* for with the dearth of funds from the student activities fee, some liquidation in student affairs must begin.

It is hoped that the staff will not be the victim of scathing criticism, but at the same time even that is more desirable than continued silence. Editorially speaking, the editor and staff request that students "speak up and express themselves," for *The Tower* is, tritely though it may be expressed, the magazine of Alabama College students, and we hope that it always will remain thus.

COLLEGE *Nuisances*

By Kathryn Smith, '42

Parody on *They'll None of 'Em Be Missed,*
from *The Mikado*



As some day it may happen that a victim must
be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be under-
ground,
And who never would be missed—who never
would be missed.
There's the pestilential nuisances who try to
steal your date,
They sail upon you while he's here and spoil
your tete-a-tete—
The girls who room next door to you and never
sleep at night
They keep you up 'til burst of dawn and shout
with all their might
And all the girls who hang around the teachers to "boot lick"—
They'd none of 'em be missed—They'd none of 'em be missed.

CHORUS:

I've got 'em on the list—I've got 'em on the list—
And they'll none of 'em be missed—They'll none of them be missed.
There're the borrowers who don't return—The campus politician—
The girl who thinks it's cute to say: "I'm helpless in a kitchen!"
And the people who affect a brogue — or the "mamma's angel"
miss—
Or the catty girls with razor tongues—they never would be missed.
Then the flatterer who praises you in sugar-dripping tones—
The clothes you wear, your nails, your hair—
And wants praise for her own.
And the girl who whispers to you in nasty sounding words,
"That tale that's out on Mary—My dear, now have you heard?"
And girls who when you're busiest on visiting insist—
I don't think they'd be missed—I'm sure they'd not be missed!

(*Chorus*)

And the friend who cannot get to class, to town, or to the tearoom,
Without your pencil, or your socks, or borrowing your perfume.

The girl who plays bad jokes on you and laughs when you're confused;

But when she sees the tables turned she's not at all amused.

And girls who are aristocrats (or like to think they are!)

And snoot the unpretentious gals—such snobbery's under par!

The girl who likes to lift her voice in operatic airs

With tones that squeak and notes so shrill in halls or on the stairs.

I've got the names of all these girls—they're waiting on my list—

And you may add some, for now
I'm sure they'd not be missed!

Going

She left us
With an indrawn breath.
She left us—
Drifting into death
As gently as
One smooth wave
Curls about another
And is lost.

—*Martha McRae, '42*

ALL HE KNEW *of* EARTH

ONE, two, three—three steps to freedom. Freedom—how strange the word felt in his mouth. He'd been experimenting with it all that day. When he walked on the smooth, worn stones of the yard, he would fling his eyes upward and watch feathery clouds rolling carelessly across the sky. He would see the strong, proud sun commanding the heavens. When he sat on the old gray bench in the corner his eyes would follow the inexorable shadows marking their pattern across the stones. He saw the freedom of clouds, he saw the servitude of shade to sun. All he knew of earth was servitude. Men and women were shadows in the sun — beginning, growing, decreasing as life followed its worn orbit.

When he looked around at the high, thick walls he would wonder if his would be the freedom of a cloud. Watching the network of bars come before the face of the sun, he thought, "It will be freedom." He would no longer be a shadow moving and turning as the earth moved and turned—a shadow that waited to be directed. He remembered he had tilled the soil in the beginning—then the earth was good; strong and fertile in his hands. But it did not belong to him—he was serving as most men do. He knew there must be something more for those who commanded. But all he knew of earth was servitude. And when he left the land he had to break cold, dead stone and there was not the warmth of earth. He often thought men's hearts were of the same hard stone; that his servitude would not be broken. But then he would look again and see the clouds—moving freely.

One, two, three—three steps to freedom. He looked and couldn't find the clouds. Night had covered the heavens and wiped away the shades on earth. He felt infinity about him.

One, two—two steps to freedom. He gazed and didn't see a cloud. His hand thrust through the dark and felt cold steel.

One—one step to freedom. He knelt and bowed his head. He closed his eyes—saw earth and shades and sun and—clouds. He saw clouds racing, leaping, tumbling, turning—then the cold steel blade stopped his servitude on earth.

None—no step to freedom.

—*Martha McRae,* '42

By

LAURA WATSON

The TREE

OLD MOLLY pulled her shawl about her and pointed to the blossoming peach orchard. I knew she was about to recollect something from her youth. She always pointed when her mind had one of its flashbacks.

"Yes, Miss Molly," I said, and waited.

"See those trees yonder?" she said abruptly.

"Yes'm."

"Well, girl," she leaned back in her chair, and I settled myself for a while anyway. "I can remember when there wasn't but one tree on that field, no orchard, just one lone tree. Ay, Lord, it's been so long. . . I was scare grown. . . just over from the old country. Did I ever tell you about the old country, lass?"

She knew she had. About how green the grass was, and how soft the sun came up on the Connemara hills, and how each cricket that chirped sang the glory of Ireland.

"Ay, yes," she said softly, "Ireland was lovely—so full of life somehow, even with the hunger and no clothes, ever—but America. . . ."

"America. . . " she laughed, remembering. "The boat was so crowded. . . so full of smells. I reckon there was nearly every kind of a person you'd want to see, all huddled together like a bunch of cattle. Why, one old German—I'll never forget—kept muttering, 'Ja, dis United States is goot land, she is fine country, ja, all millyuns, all gold.' Funny, how well I can remember that; just like it was a minute ago. But America wasn't all gold. . . not by a heap. Reckon I'd expected too much. New York had smells, too. . . even worse than the boat. I'll never forget how disappointed it made me, how homesick I was for the bright Connemara sunshine, for the rain even. When I came down to Georgia to live with Uncle John and Aunt Kate on their farm, it was just before Spring, and so cold. I'd been cold at home, but somehow it hadn't seemed nearly as fierce. I hated it, all of it.

"It wasn't long before my hatred sort of simmered down, but I still wasn't satisfied. I could still see the sun coming and going over the Irish hills of a summer's afternoon, and hear Sean and Bick and the O'Toole girls laughing at me for falling in the mud, like I did going after the cows once. When I'd think of things like that, a big lump as a round of cheese stuck in my throat, and my heart would almost burst, wanting home so.

"One day, right before Spring broke after St. Patrick's Day, Uncle John came to me and said, 'Molly, girl,' he said, 'Here's a peach switch needs planting and I'm givin' it to you. Stick it where you think it'll grow best; and I hope your young ones'll be eating peaches from it.'

"Poor Uncle John, it was his way of saying a lot of things to me, of telling me that the land was mine after he and Aunt Kate went on, and that he'd expect me to marry a man who'd take care of me and the land both. That didn't help my homesickness any because it stood to reason that I'd never go back home to stay now. You see I hadn't gotten over the feeling that I was just on a visit over here. Somehow, I couldn't take in the fact that I didn't have anybody in Connemara to go back to.

"I took the peach switch and planted it in my favorite spot, just a mite to the left of a little rise of land I could see from my bedroom window. A child couldn't have had better nursing than that branch did. I worked and watered it day after day. I guess I had to have something to put my mind on.

"Well, Spring came that year and somehow Connemara was nearer to me. Maybe it was the green things looking so young and fresh, with pink and white blossoms smilin' everywhere, and yellow daffodils like pieces of the sun I'd known back home. I began to wish my tree was big enough to bloom and bear fruit. Uncle John used to tease me by saying, 'A watched tree never bears,' but I'd only give him a black look and not answer. It did bloom, though. Three years later—the Spring I married Jim Conner—it nearly burst itself with blooms. Seemed kind of a wedding present for me, as though it knew.

"That summer Uncle John died. After that, more than ever, I wanted to go back home. Connemara was in my blood. I never told Jim about it, but he knew something was eating my heart. Every now and then, I'd catch him watching me with sort of a wondering look. But he didn't say a word. We just kept living on with Aunt Kate—and Connemara was like a rock between us.

"The next year when my peach tree should have borne its first fruit it didn't. There was hardly a peach on it. But I didn't have much time to worry, for that was the summer Tommy was born. Jim laughed and said I'd taken the place of the peach tree. I nodded and told him I *was* the peach tree. It and I were the same thing. Sometimes I almost believed that. Sometimes I thought the two things I loved most in the world—besides Jim and little Tommy, of course—were Connemara and the peach tree.

"The tree did bear, the following summer. The first peaches came just before Aunt Kate died. I remember sitting on the side of her bed and telling her the tree had borne.

" 'Molly,' she said to me, 'I'm glad they came out before I went on—now quit your foolishness, lass, and make your man a home here.'

"Aunt Kate was a wise one. She knew what was between Jim and me, and how I kept hearing Connemara like a ghost calling."

Old Molly paused and smiled reflectively. I was afraid to speak, afraid I'd break her thought. Finally, I could stand it no longer and I said, "Did you ever get to like America?"

She took her eyes off the sunlit peach orchard and looked at me, frowning, "Don't interrupt me, child, wasn't I just going to tell you how that came about! Be quiet now and let me finish, the sun'll be taking itself to bed before long, and I'll have to go see about supper."

She folded her hands and leaned her head back, eyes closed.

"It was one winter's evening, the year after Aunt Kate died, Jim said to me, 'Molly, I'm taking you back to Ireland this March.'

"I stared at his face in the firelight and put Tommy down on the rug. 'Jim Conner!' I remember the exact tone I used. 'What is it you're saying to me?'

" 'I'm telling you, Molly, we're going to Ireland come early March. I've worried about you since the day we married. Crops were good last year, I've some money saved in the bank and I can get Peter Rush to take over the farm for me. . . so we're going.'

"And mind you, we did go. I'd never been so excited in my life. I was going home! To see the cottages with the children and dogs 'round the doors, and the smoke curling from the chimney of a spring evening with the setting sun shining through it; to hear the marshbirds calling after twilight like lost spirits wailing; to feel the soft sea winds on my face once more. Yes, Connemara was in my heart. I was going home!

"The crossing was different this time. I was so happy that Jim said he would have to put glue on my feet to keep them still. In every wave I saw the green of the mountains and the blue of the skies. When I finally did see the mist of the Irish coast, Jim almost had to hold me to keep me from swimming ashore.

"But somehow, after I got there home wasn't as it had been. Beautiful as ever Ireland was—and Connemara—but time changes things so. The O'Toole girls had married and were fat and settled-looking. Sean was dead, and Bick and the others scattered like leaves in the wind. And home had lost the magic I remembered. I didn't know exactly whether it was me or Ireland that had changed. We stayed only a sleep or two before I began to remember Georgia and the farm and most of all—the peach tree. I could see the blooms beckoning me back—pink and fragile—like dancing fairies against the Spring blue. They seemed to be scolding me for leaving them. I began to wonder where my home really was. Ireland was beautiful but. . . .

"Well, one day Jim and I went for a drive across Banikean's Knoll and he stopped the cart and we both got out for a spell. I wanted to enjoy myself but the peach blossoms kept pushing themselves in my way. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer.

" 'Jim,' I cried, and he turned. 'Jim, let's go home!'

" 'Home, Molly?' he looked at me—hard, 'I thought this was your home.'

"I began to cry. 'I know, Jim,' I said through the tears, 'but the peach tree. . . and the farm. . . Oh, don't ask me any questions, but let's go back.'

" 'All right, Molly,' he put his arms around me, quiet and sure as always. 'Whatever you say.'

"When my crying stopped, I lifted my face and smiled at him.

" 'Jim,' I said, 'let's go back. . . and plant a whole orchard of peach trees.'

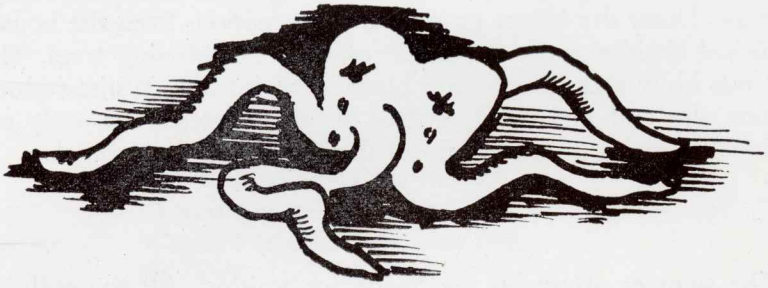
"And we did. We planted the ones you see now, around the lone tree like slaves around a queen."

She stopped and turned her face to the orchard. The sun's last rays slanted through the trees and made a golden pink path of glory. I could see what it meant to her.

"And, Miss Molly," I asked her, "did you ever get homesick for Ireland again?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, quietly. "Many was the time I could hear the laughter of Ireland wanting me to come back. . . but, you see, I had a whole orchard of trees to keep me here. . . and I couldn't leave them, could I?"

My Octopus HEART



My octopus heart has reached greedily out
And grasped at space
Groping through the dark caves of my inanity
For some unknown face
Whose presence it feels like quick wind in hair
You can't see the wind—
You know it's there
Like an acrobat hanging by her teeth,
I poise on the brink
Of a fathomless chasmed question mark
Blinded by a sudden lake of light
I grope blindly as if in the dark
For though I stand at a door ajar—
My own blank self is a bolt and bar—

—*Jeanne Espy*, '43

SUMMER AFTERNOON

I

WE SAT listlessly on the porch and watched the heat waves shimmer off the pavement The trees hung silent and quiet on the still air. Dusty dry leaves gave no hint of motion. Even the houses crouched timidly under the shade of their neighboring trees. The sky was bluer than blue with a blueness of infinity. White cottony clouds, dry and high-piled, drifted slowly, aimlessly by, only occasionally casting a thin unhelpful shadow on the dry ground.

II

The summer afternoon was made for waiting. All the stillness and the quiet, all the breathlessness of nature make for waiting, waiting, hushed and motionless. For what? For evening and the fiery summer sunsets and the cool rattle of dry leaves in an ever-dying breeze; for the crystalline brilliance of stars, the deep taffeta sky and the gentle coolness of a summer night. A summer afternoon was made for waiting.

III

Infinite and dry the sky, limitless and dry the earth, hot and black and dry the street, tall and dull the trees. Dusty dry the wood of chairs on porches in the shade. Deep and dry the shades of roofs and trees.

And the liquid, shimmering heat waves dancing up, up from the street

are dry as dust and gravel
and hot as oven heat.
On an afternoon in summer
Paradise and all hereafter,
Heavenly sounds and angels' laughter
Comes in glasses tall and frosty
In tall water full of ice.

—*Carolyn Norris, '42*

Tomorrow?

If one should ever say to me,
"Tomorrow you will die,"
Would I tremble, cry, and flee,
Or calmly look and pass on by?

I couldn't say, for life is dear—
And all that's gone before
Seems now to be a shadowed glimpse,
A glance through an open door.

And all that lies beyond the door
Is hidden by time's great band,
And now is like a precious gem
To be cut by a Master's hand.

But a joyous feeling fills my soul
To know that I'm wanted now,
That the Master thinks I've done my bit
And another He must endow.

I move on, the next comes in,
The pattern of life goes by.
So what shall I do if I am told,
"Tomorrow you will die?"

—*Martha McRae,* '42

Finis

By JEANNE ESPY

(*Two crows are sitting in the Tower.*)

She: The rain has almost stopped, Brother.

He: Yes, it will be misty for a while yet, but the worst is over.

She: How glad I am, too! My feathers are wet through and through. A whole night of dismal drizzle would dampen anyone.

He: It never used to bother the girls, Sister. Don't you remember how they'd get out those funny, floppy hats with the wavery brims, smash them onto their heads and paddle happily but hurriedly from the dormitories to class and back?

She: I do remember, Brother. Many times I've sat here in the Tower and looked down, wishing I had a bright umbrella like the ones the girls carried.

He: Now what good would an umbrella be to a crow? You sometimes talk foolishly, Sister. But I, too, am glad the rain has stopped. The Tower is cold when it rains—and drafty.

She: I wish the heating plant were running. That's how we used to dry ourselves after a rain.

He: So we did. Or else we flew over to the kitchen roof and nestled near the chimneys. That was always a warm spot.

She: While we dried there on the roof, Brother, on Tuesday afternoons, do you remember how the girls would come running down the Lib's three steps in a dash to the Tea House on the other side of Big Dorm and—

He: And how they'd stop suddenly in the middle of the walk, sniff inquisitively and remark to the world, "Um-m, rolls for supper!"

She: Then they'd go sprinting on to the Tea House.

He: That seems so long ago!

She: Wasn't it?

He: No, it can't have been, but I seem to have lost all track of time.

She: When the sun comes up, we'll fly down to the sun dial and see, Brother, what hour it is.

He: If the sun dial's still there. Sister, I'm afraid that—

She: Hush! Where could the girls make pictures on Sunday afternoons if the sun dial weren't there? And Big Dorm looked so pretty from that place—especially at night with all the lights on.

He: And the music shagging from the Student Parlor to mingle with the tripping piano and violin sounds from Music Hall diagonally across from Big Dorm.

She: The dramatic shouting and projecting from play practice in the Auditorium didn't really harmonize with the music, but it was a pleasant lullaby to us in the Tower.

He: The tulip tree on the far side of the Lib kept me from sleeping. Its odor was too sweet.

She: That was only in the spring, Brother. And you liked it because the girls did. And remember how the Freshmen went into ecstasies over the wild crab apple tree to the right of the Tower? Its blossoms are so soft in March.

He: I always felt personally responsible for that tree. We certainly kept it free of bugs, didn't we, Sister?

She: Thinking of that makes me hungry, Brother; when can we eat?

He: When the sun comes—

She: The mist doesn't seem to be clearing at all. And everything is so still—not even a cock-crow.

He: I remember how the girls used to—

She: Why do we keep saying was and were and used to? Why do we?

He: Because we're afraid we know!

She: I wish it were day so I could see. I don't like to guess.

He: I'm afraid of the dawn. There's a sort of—well, those big birds that flew together and made those terrible noises—and the exploding sounds like tearing up trees very near and then the birds flying into the sunset—I know they did something to this place.

She: But it grew dark and the rain began. We couldn't find anything then, but now—

He: Look, it's been getting lighter all the time, but there's still the mist.

She: It's not mist, Brother, it's *smoke*—and it's rising from everywhere. Don't you see?

He: Yes. Doesn't everything look level and flat? It's so—but where are the buildings? Big Dorm, the Auditorium, Music Hall—Sister, do you see them?

She: No! No! I see nothing but piles of smoking brick.

He: So this is what those big birds of destruction did with the stuff they dropped from their craws.

She: (*Musing*) Nothing left except the Tower—

He: Everything has crumbled. The dorms are mortar dust and crumbled brick—the Lib is a smoking ruin, the—

She: I can see for myself, Brother. Not a single girl is left—only the Tower.

He: Look, what's that moving down there?. . . It's a girl! She's getting up—See!

She: Watch her look around! Oooh, her pitiful eyes! Horrible! Unbearable!

He: Look, she's coming toward the Tower, the only thing untouched. She's on her knees beside it!

She: (*Screaming*) Fly, Brother! Even the Tower is going!—(*Loud rending crash—silence*).

He: That's everything—buildings and girls alike. As far as I can see, only desolation.

She: I don't see even a single green thing.

He: There is none. All is dead.

(*A pause*)

She: I'm hungry, Brother.

He: So am I. We must go away to some other place.

She: Yes, where those queer birds with death in their craws can't find us.

He: I shall miss it—this place—and the girls.

She: I, too—and the umbrellas—Ah, it's beginning to rain again.

He: Why, yes, we must hurry. Come now, Sister.

She: Yes, yes, I'm coming—

(*The twin beat of wings dies away like everything else in this place. It rains. An eddy of wind, circling through the Library ashes, catches a newspaper and silhouettes it against the sky. In black, bold letters there is*: "*Threat of Foreign Air Raid!*" *The paper crumbles back into the ruins. The rain beats down.*)

Life . . . on the RIDGE

—Mary Bradford Ware, '41

ABOUT thirty years ago a man decided to move out from a mining camp where he lived and to buy a small plot of land not too far from the mine. He rode out in the country until he came to a plot of ground he liked. He stood on this ground which was so elevated that he could see for miles around. He loved this ridge. Here was the place to raise his children. In the midst of his thoughts he noticed an old man walking down the road, and he stopped to talk. The old man was full of talk about this ridge he also loved and he concluded with:

"It's Shelby County land and you know like I know that it's rotten land. It's hard to work and it's hard to make a living from it. But just the same it's land and it'll grow peas."

Like the family this man brought to the ridge, other families came in from mining camps. They came from Boothton, from Dogwood, from Marvel and Alabaster. They came slowly, scrimping and saving to make their way to the ridge. It was near all the mines and it paid to be prepared in case a job was lost at one mine to be near another. Finally a settlement was formed—a community of common interests.

—:— —:—

That man on the ridge who had visions of growing peas high enough to look into heaven is out of work today. He is out of a job because he is not quite so healthy as some other men. But he feels fine and resents it that the mine prefers younger men. His past, his heritage, his love is the mines. He tells how machinery has made it possible for anyone to be a miner. It is no longer a skill as it was when he learned it. Today the clumsy Negro can extract the coal and command the same salary as the white man. The man becomes blue with rage as he tells that two - thirds of the workers in most of the mines today are Negroes. He hates the black man and wants to spit on the high - yellow. Why do the mines hire more Negroes? They hire Negroes because they can tell them what to do; the bosses can cuss them and work them to death. And they can't do that to a white man, you know—that is, if he's really a white man. The man cools down. He doesn't hate the mines. He still loves them. He loves the coal and the men he's sweated and slaved with. He tells of his own narrow escapes from death and of the death of friends. His life, he feels, is over. But he still thinks.

He thinks about the condition the country is in and believes like the Bible says "that there will always be rumors of war." He feels that it's bad for the young men all to have to go to camp, but he thinks maybe the old men will get a chance to work now.

He believes, as he feels all others should, that the Bible is to be taken literally. Dances, picture shows, and even social parties or football games are taboo with him. His recreation is church, the revival meeting, and the Old Testament. Twice a year at the church there is an all-day singing with dinner on the ground. He remembers the time when he got religion and shook for hours, being left worn out and had to be carried home. He was mighty happy then.

Then there is his oldest son. There are six children in his family. They just fit into a four-room house. In the living room is a radio, a red plush-looking sofa and two matching chairs. Through the suave magic of installment buying, there is a frigidaire in the kitchen, and in the big bedroom is an ornate bedroom suite. The miner lives up to every penny of the seventy-five dollars he is making. Besides working hard for a living on the "graveyard shift" from twelve until morning, he belongs to the union—the C. I. O.—which stabilizes his rate of pay. But he doesn't work all the time. He never knows how much money to expect.

The younger man does not think of the mine as a God. To him it is bread and meat. He has become accustomed to his lot and seldom questions it except in his own thoughts. Once when he was in high school, he had hopes of rising above its dirt and monotony, but that has been forgotten. He has a family now. Every man marries, has children, supports them. That's expected of every man. It's the routine of life.

This man's ideas of religion are not so strict as his father's. Although his main source of recreation is still the church, he doesn't disapprove of picture shows and baseball. Although his daughters and sons go to church with their dates, occasionally they go to a picture show in Marvel or Montevallo. Once he had a chicken supper and several of the women on the ridge talked about it, so he hasn't had any more. He feels that when those few straight-laced ones die, so will the strictest religious views.

Although the school at Pearidge has a Parent-Teachers Association, his wife doesn't go because just about this time she has to start cooking his supper. But any other time would be just as bad for some other woman because she would be cooking or ironing then too. Neither he nor his wife takes any interest in the school. He hardly ever goes near it. He did go up there last year when the principal gave his boy a whipping—he almost knocked that principal down.

His girl goes on the school bus to Montevallo. She gets her an all - over permanent for almost nothing at "Sadie's" in Marvel. Her mother makes her print dresses, and she buys her a pair of those saddle oxfords like the college girls wear. She sees them when she goes to town on Saturdays. Town is Montevallo. She doesn't go now with her parents and the smaller children since she goes to school there all week. It isn't the fun it used to be. At first she felt a little lost at school. But now she doesn't — she

knows that she's as good as anybody in the world, and she just dares anyone to tell her she isn't. Sometimes she thinks she wants to go to the college at Montevallo so that she can be a teacher, a home economics teacher, like the college girl who teaches her. And at other times she thinks of Charlie, the boy she has grown up with. He's clean and neat and he's got a good build. Probably she'll marry Charlie, but she's learned a lot by going to high school. She's glad that she's got that much education. And there are always babies.

And so like every other mining woman she loves her man. She washes, she cooks for him. She spends her time bearing his children. She respects his opinion, and he listens to her. Her life, although comparatively simple, is normal. She seldom suffers from mental abnormalities. There is little of frustration in her make-up. She has ceased to worry about accidents in the mines. Very few accidents happen today. She is with her children in their desires. Although she shows little affection, she is willing to fight for their rights. She is a strong plain woman with a hard-working husband and healthy children.

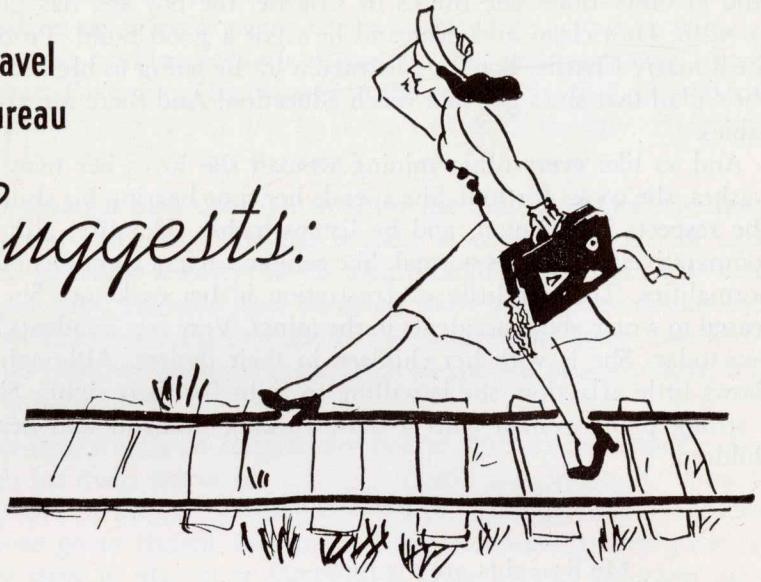
THOUGHTS

My thoughts are my own—
However much they may concern you,
You cannot know.
Perhaps you glean a little
From the tragedy my eyes express.
From the pain that twists my mouth,
And the tight drawn veins
Along my throat.
But you cannot know—
You can go calmly on your way—
Proud, secure, and self-sufficient—
Thinking your thoughts.
However much I look and wonder
I cannot know.
Perhaps I guess a little
From the gaiety your eyes express,
From the quick smile that curves your lips,
And the firm vigor
In your step.
But I cannot know—
Your thoughts are your own.

—*Martha McRae, '42*

Travel Bureau

Suggests:



FLORIDA . . . *By Helen Newton, '44*

IN PLANNING a short vacation trip, I would first consult the Sunday issue of the *Birmingham News* and the *Montgomery Advertiser* to see what entertainments were offered in these two cities. I would consult my friends about Mobile and its famous gardens, and about a shopping tour in Atlanta. For an hour or so I would deliberate upon the attractions of the French Quarter of New Orleans and the beach at Miami. I would call the depot and the bus terminal with a deluge of questions, jot down a few notes on train schedules and bus routes, and wander over the house, opening dresser drawers, wardrobes, and trunks, pulling out swim-suits and beach robes.

Then, after arousing as much excitement and curiosity as possible —completely unintentionally—I would pack a small suitcase with boots, three pairs of old slacks and several faded shirts, a bottle of

olive oil and a pair of sun glasses, four good thick novels, and a fully-equipped knitting bag.

Finally, to the great surprise and consternation of friends, relatives, and family, I would catch the next train to Lynn Haven, Florida, and arrive ultimately at Uncle Joe's Fishing Camp—a delightfully secluded spot on St. Andrews Bay where "Uncle Joe" and his wife have a rustic hotel for aspiring fisherman.

A bridge about half-a-mile long spans the bay and connects Lynn Haven with Southport, a small, quiet village of fishermen and fish-dealers; and on the bridge, from sunrise to sunset, is a long, silent line of Uncle Joe's summer boarders: oiled, bespectacled, sun-bathed, clothed in an incredible array of cast-off slacks, overalls, and riding pants. Leaning over the railing, the fishermen concentrate on the corks, bobbing at the end of their poles in the water. At intervals a pole is jerked high into the air, and occasionally a trout or a catfish or perhaps a squirming crab is seen writhing in the air, scratching the pole from side to side. . .

Immediately upon viewing this enchanting sight, I would don my fishing clothes, rush to the supply house by the wharf, select a pole and buy a mullet for bait, and then saunter casually across the bridge to spend an ideal day in the sunshine and salt spray. . .

Of course, I mentioned four novels and a knitting bag—and not without reason: for invariably, on the second day of one's fishing trip it begins to rain. Not a pleasant little drizzle, but a hard, steady downpour which sends one scurrying to bed with a good book or knitting. This idleness, of course, is the *real* reason for having come; but by this time one has fished a few hours, posed for a picture with someone else's prize catch, and gathered enough fishing lingo to impress the family and friends.

NATCHEZ . . . *By Laura Watson, '44*

Well, if you're looking for a vacation trip, why not go to Natchez? Shall we enumerate the advantages of such a jaunt as relating to the limited pocketbook and time of the unfortunate schoolmarm? Good! Then let's start.

Each spring a pilgrimage to and through Natchez is organized ostensibly by the lovers of beauty and culture in the Old South; in reality by the Natchez Chamber of Commerce. In order to give uni-

versal appeal to such a brilliant idea, the prices must of a necessity fit neatly into the average purse along with driver's license and birth certificate. And, naturally, the system of exchange—or rather the commodities and service exchanged for cash—must prove worthy of mouth-to-mouth publicity such as: "My dear, *have* you been to Natchez? So lovely this time of year—and so very cheap. We stayed there a week and, my dear, the things we saw and did on Harry's salary were simply *amazing*. You wouldn't believe it. You just *must* go etc., etc., etc." Of course, you can't expect to get something for nothing, exactly, but Jane Doe can buy just as much for her money in Natchez as Mrs. Henry Du Astobilt XVIII. The only difference is the quantity.

It is undeniably lovely in the Springtime. To Northerners who go, it gives a heart-warming admiration for the beauty of the South, and to the Southerners — who are a sentimental lot, anyway-- it gives a deeper pride in their native division of these United States. The old mansions are as they were long ago before blackness and destruction closed in upon them. They stand with open doors greeting the visitors in a characteristically hospitable style. On the wide verandas wait young ladies in crinoline, and gentlemen with thin, black cigars—a typical antebellum scene, even to the laughing ebony-colored mammy singing as she polishes up the silverware, and the faithful, white-haired butler with the frosty mint julep in his hand. (They get 30 cents an hour now instead of an affectionate cussing out, as their reward.) But, wait a moment, this is just the trumped-up effort to recall the past. Only as the tourist begins to inspect the home itself does the realization of what he is seeing come to him. Somehow the ghost of a dead era tiptoes beside him. Skepticism, sarcasm toward all this playing up the past, is slowly erased. He begins to understand, for the first time in many cases, that intangible hand still clutching at the Southern heart. The Natchez Chamber of Commerce may embellish its fair city with golden trimmings and ruby roses to lure the "stay-at-homes," but it is the real glimpse of the phantom beneath that captures his sympathy and admiration. (If the Natchez Chamber of Commerce sees this, I am only fooling. I don't want a job in their publicity department.) At any rate, I *believe* in the enchantment of the South; and where could you get a better portion of it than in the loveliness of Natchez? So if it's a trip you want, pack your bags and take the "high-road" Natchez-way.

COMER 204

Versailles, Munich, have nothing on Comer 204 for it can boast of housing the Alabama College Foreign Policies Commission. The proceedings of this group are described by Yenna York, '41.

"DON'T FALL in love and don't catch the flu." These were the explicit orders of Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Farmer when Louise, Audrey, and I met with them on the night of December 8, 1940, to begin an undertaking which we knew so little about that we didn't even know how little we knew about it. And with these words ringing in our ears we settled down to work on an essay to submit in a contest sponsored by William and Mary College. Our task was to analyze the basic factors which determiine the foreign policy of the United States and to formulate principles which should be the basis of a desirable foreign policy. (P. S.: Dr. Vaughan was the only one who had the flu.)

For four months we were constant bores to our roommates and friends by refusing to think or talk about anything but the "F. P. A." (This was the title with which we lovingly endowed our project. The F. and P. meant Foreign and Policy. We never decided exactly what the A. meant, because some wanted it to mean "association" and others preferred "addicts." But since it is customary to have three letters in an alphabetical organization, F. P. A. it was.)

We learned things, too, although most of the things we learned could be more properly classified as "Relations with fellow students and faculty members" than as "Relations with foreign nations." The most significant truth we learned was that five people can work together that long and still be friends. One night Dr. Vaughan was commenting on the fact that there was still harmony in the group, and observed that it was unusual for two faculty members to have collaborated on such a controversial question without having had any serious disagreements.

Don't think, though, that everything was peaceful. There was the night when Dr. Farmer and Dr. Vaughan arrived without having

CURTAIN CALL

* * *

Yenna York—Graduating with highest honors and teaching school at the same time, Yenna has nevertheless had time to participate in numerous extra-curricula activities. In *Comer* 204 she relates one in which she, Audrey Dismukes, and Louise Wallace, all seniors, were engaged.

* * *

Carolyn Norris was last before the public as Helena, the robotess, in *R.U.R.* At present she is adapting her precious "Status Quo" to radio but took time off to write "Summer Afternoon."

* * *

Helen Newton has joined the ranks of class editors, and thus receives no write-up.

* * *

Laura Watson—Her Little Joe in the first issue was poignant but we wager that Molly in *The Tree* will become a favorite character of *Tower* readers. Laura is approaching her sophomore year.

* * *

Kathryn Smith—A transfer from Livingston, Kate has observed that college nuisances are alike everywhere. One of the top beauties in Elite Night, Kate has joined the Secretarial Science Department.

* * *

Mary Bradford Ware—"The Queen of May" assumes a thoughtful attitude as she records her observations at Pearidge. A senior sociology major, Mary has been outstanding in extra-curricula work but this is her first experience "in *Tower* print."